

The Creighton Chronicle

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ALPHA SIGMA TAU



THE STUDENT body at Creighton has become accustomed of late to the pleasant sensation of being welded into one harmonious and concentric whole. It is enjoying the transformation of our Alma Mater from a loose federation of colleges, each with interests distinctly its own, into a university in fact as well as in name.

The first step in the process was the erection of the Gymnasium which stands as a monument to the zeal and sound judgment of the university authorities. It was a necessary step, but it has nevertheless accomplished more than its most ardent advocates had ever dared to predict. It has not only provided a common meeting-ground for the students of the various departments but proved to be a powerful factor toward strengthening both our college spirit and public sentiment generally.

This laudable initial effort was last year followed by one of even greater magnitude—the transfer of the Law and Dentistry departments to the campus,—and again the innovation reacted like a tonic both upon student enthusiasm and public appreciation.

Lately the student body was highly elated by the vast and substantial encouragement given to the Students' Union which

now bids fair to become one of Creighton's grandest and proudest institutions. Somewhat along these lines, members of all the departments will be glad to hear that the university authorities do not intend to stop with what has already been done—that their efforts and aspirations are directed to a still closer and more perfect union. The latest move toward complete unification is the creation of Alpha Sigma Tau at Creighton. Alpha Sigma Tau is an honorary fraternity, partaking, in some degree, of the nature of a national society, and also of a local organization. But the vital idea back of it is the eligibility for membership. Every year, two members of the senior class in each department are to be nominated by the respective deans for membership in Alpha Sigma Tau, the selection being based upon each senior's record of scholarship, service, and loyalty to the University. These nominations are submitted first to the president of the university and then to the fraternity itself for approval. The first meeting was held in December, 1921, under the supervision of Father Grace, S. J., and the organization has been completed. The charter members are:

In the College of Medicine, Raymond J. Brennon and Richard K. Collins; in the College of Law, Charles F. Bongardt and George Rogers; in the College of Dentistry, William F. Giles and Walter J. Spellman; in the College of Pharmacy, Edward J. Schulte and Stephen H. Parquet; and in the College of Arts, Robert W. Burkley and John R. Fitzgibbon.

—C. F. B.



"THE APARTMENT HOUSE, A MENACE TO SOCIETY."



IS BUT A LITTLE longer than four centuries since the early pioneers came to America. Leaving their native lands, the fathers of our country, in search of liberty and a livelihood, landed on this continent of plenty. As the prow of their ship struck the shores of the New World, it pointed out to these brave hearts the rugged wilderness behind which was abundance for all. Compelled to blaze their way through the thick woodland, they gradually settled in the fertile spots until the humble hut was no longer a strange spectacle to the roving redman. Here they formed into communities, if they had not come over as such, and following human aptitude and the need of the individual for protection and development, the families united. Thus is society ever built upon the family. For without families society cannot exist. Now we know that if in any structure we undermine the foundation, that structure will topple over into a mass of ruin. We can readily see that on the efficiency of the family depends society. Whatever affects that efficiency is a matter of utmost moment. We also know that only through the family is society propagated.

Heavily indeed, by the pernicious influence they bear on the life of the child do the apartment houses of today affect the welfare of the family and hence of society. While I am treating of this subject, do not misunderstand me, for what I may say does not apply equally to all apartments. For this reason I shall treat of them in three distinct classes.

First, let us consider those houses which preclude the existence of children altogether within their unhallowed walls. To them the child is worthy of less consideration than the dumb animal, for while their doors may be opened to pets they are slam-

med upon the face of the child. And why is the infant thus crowded out? His grimy little fingers may desecrate the carefully polished woodwork within; the patter of unsteady feet may disturb the slumbers of the night frolicker while he sleeps late into the morning; the readiness of little innocence to throw its arms about a mother's neck and take its good night kiss is altogether too distracting to the ease and comfort within. When they enter such dwelling places as these, married people, while accepting the happiness consequent to their union, shirk the responsibilities which nature would impose upon them and fall foul of their obligation to society. Led on by the passion for luxury they ignore the sacred duties of man and wife. They lack the courage and self sacrifice necessary for bringing children into this world. Their vision does not extend beyond the narrow confines of their own selfish lives. And the sad part of it all, my dear friends, is that people of this class are they who could well support a family of many children.

Tremendous, indeed, is the influence which the richer class has upon society, for society looks to them as leaders. If they continue in their greed and lust, well has the result been expressed by Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral "When any nation or any class raises the standard of luxury so high that parenthood becomes an intollerable burden, nature's heaviest penalty has been decreed against that nation or that class. It is doomed to extinction."

Far reaching in its effects, also, is the harm done by those apartments which tolerate, though they frown upon more than one or two children. In as far as it interferes with the natural law by limiting the number of God's little ones, it is as intrinsically evil as the first class. Suppose that in your childhood, you had lived in surroundings that did not hold out a welcome to you, what conception of life would you have received? Would not these untoward circumstances have made of you a selfish and unwieldy creature? And where the child is merely tolerated, how

little is done to foster his development. The rules of the building forbid him to romp and play with the activity his growing body demands. He is not allowed to bring playmates into his home, and hence he has little chance to mingle with other children. True it is that order is necessary in the home, but "government is not to watch children with a suspicious eye, to frown upon the merry outbursts of innocent hilarity, to suppress their joyous laughter and to mould them into melancholy little models of octogenarian gravity." Where the child is alone he does not receive the valuable training accorded to one of a group for there is no moulder of character comparable to eight or ten brothers and sisters, for brothers and sisters polish the rough edges. In his miniature society at home, all the virtues necessary for society at large being exercised in the plastic age, there is developed true manhood or womanhood. Children of a large family, if left alone will train one another very efficiently. How often do we not find the great contributors to the welfare of society to be the last of the long line of happy urchins—a Franklin, a Caruso, or a Foch, and numerous others. One or the other choice is left for the child of the apartment. He must either stay within his own narrow walls or find liberty out upon the crowded streets and the public playground. What a pity it is, if he is compelled to remain indoors. He becomes like the hot-house plant which, when taken to the world without, is frayed by the battering winds and pierced with the biting frost and left to wither and die. What frail bit of humanity is that child whose vision of the world comes from the cramped apartment. In later years, when the afflicting storms of life beat against him, he is unprepared to cope with their fury. Within, the lack of real home environment reverts the development of those sturdy virtues necessary for success in life, without which there is lacking the protection and example of brothers and sisters. In taking his liberty upon the streets or at the playground, the child may be thrown among the raff of the city. As the nature of man is to crave companion-

ship, the child will seek in some unknown spot that which is unnaturally denied him,—the company of brothers and sisters. Just at an age when he most needs parental guidance, he is completely deprived of it. He meets all classes of children, the good, the bad and the indifferent. From these he gets his early impressions of life that remain with him to the grave. Psychologists agree that the child is taught by example and learns by imitation. Of what vast importance is it therefore that the early surroundings of childhood be kept most sacred.

Both on the streets and at the playground the evil and the good in man are placed before him with no warning voice nor protecting hand to aid the youngster in his choice. The indifferent mother may be thus tempted to be rid of the cares of her children in order to give more time to the whims and fancies of her club, and thereby forget that her duty lies first within her own home. She may become oblivious to the Christian teaching that it is the duty of the parents to regard each child as a pledge of God's love entrusted to their peculiar care and many children to be a divine blessing. That parents are bound to provide the means of life and health as long as the children cannot provide for themselves and above all to teach them by precept and example the knowledge of Christian faith and the practices of Christian virtues, correcting their faults, guarding them from evil companions and an evil world, is a truth acknowledged by the best men and women of all times. But how can all this be accomplished under these circumstances:

You may say that many apartments are of neither of these types. However, even granting that this be true, and the children are as welcome to married couples as the all-wise Providence wishes them to be, the apartment house is nevertheless much at fault, for it can never be a home. Home is something more than a mere wardrobe, a kitchenette, and an in-a-door bed. It is a place of sacredness where all the members of the family love to congregate and are not crowded together in a few cubby rooms. Home

is that place where, with a marvelous patience, a winning tenderness, and an undying love, the mother rules her little ones and the noble example of fortitude is set up by the father, and there is joy in the hearts of brothers and sisters in doing good one to another. At home the children have the freedom to give expression to the vitality within them. In a home filled with happy young hearts, there must be noise. Where, in the apartment house, is the nursery with its variety of toys where the little ones can romp and play to their hearts content? Where the early minds can begin to develop in reason and imagination,—a place for the youngster to busy himself even before he is able to toddle about, building supposed walls of a huge city. Where is the happiness of the stolen rides down the bannister and other liberties which children must take? Nor is the apartment house graced by the yard in which summer time finds the barefoot lads camping and rigging up an old tent out of some sheets and carpets that mother has discarded, the yard where imagination stages the Indian fights and the developing youth can romp and play in full vigor and without restraint, where the kiddies roll huge balls of snow to set up a snow man, where friendly companions can be brought in and friendships formed within the hearing of parents.

You may ask what has all this to do with society? Oh my friends it is of tremendous importance. The child is father to the man. Would it please you in spirit to ascend a lofty cliff and scan the future of our country, you have but to contemplate the lives of little children. There are being formed the vital forces of the future. Deprived of all this outlet of youthful enthusiasm, confined in the walls of the apartment, the child is compelled to associate too much with elders. Before he is in his teens, he has a knowledge of the things of life that should come to him at a later age when he is more developed and better able to judge of their significance. The meaning of divorce and the scandal of to-day are learned too soon, and the youthful mind that should be

nourishing free and wholesome thoughts and ever be alive with activity is found doting upon the strange problems of life. All these baneful influences can only be screened from the curious eyes of childhood in the sanctity of the home. As we need our foundation to be secure, so also do we need that which goes to make up the foundation, else the foundation itself will give way.

When you strike at the family you weaken the foundation of society. We admit that were the apartment houses but few, the danger to society might be small, but the fact that they are becoming the prevailing condition of living in our larger cities, is bad and urges us to check their growth before they have completely ostracized the home. Root out the evil that is undermining the foundation, and our structure will remain intact. Return to the home. Guard over it by day and night. Make it once more that place wherein true industry and sympathy prevail; where the first principles of life are taught and the fear of God nourished in the soul. Return to that wonderful place called home and give to the child of today a sacred memory that will ever be his guiding star over the rugged path of life, and when the many trials crowd in upon him let him be able to think of home and say:

“To thee I’ll return, overburdened with care;
The hearts dearest solace will shine on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.”

—C. S. C.



CUPID AND MAMMON



THE LITTLE village where I was born is set far up a deep valley, completely surrounded by low, rolling mountains and thick, green forests. There is one road leading into it from the north, which connects it with other roads and villages in the plain, and which, in turn, stretch away to the land of dreams formed and occasionally revised by the tales of the post coach driver, who travels many, many miles every month through the plains, and sees many people whom we have never seen, many of them indeed being very odd people from our view.

No one ever comes to our village, except the mail driver, who drives up the valley every fortnight in a cloud of dust or a flurry of snow, depending on the season. Occasionally, once in ten years perhaps, an old man with a great deal of gold and considerable indigestion will come with the post and ask the inn-keeper and the pastor about people who had been dead these many years. Then he will go to the little field behind the church and gaze silently at the weathered boards, only one or two of the newer ones still have paint on them. After looking at them a while he would sadly shake his head and walk slowly back to the inn with his hands clasped behind his back and his head bent. Here he invariably engages the large guest room which overlooks the courtyard and sits there telling the growing boys strange tales about the great cities where it is like day all night, where people arise when we go to bed, and where everyone has more gold than our wealthiest burghers. Then, one day he will not answer the inn-keeper's knock at his door and we will lay him in the field behind the church and put a new painted board at his head for another old man, in years to come, to look at and silently pray for.

There lived in the village a young girl named Bertha. She was the daughter of the miller, who owned much of the land on

the slopes of the hills about the valley. She was very well liked for her charming ways, her gentleness to all, and her exceptional beauty. All of the boys loved her, much to the disgust of the other girls, who, for all that, could not but like Bertha. But two boys loved her more than all the rest. They were Frederick and Rudolph. Frederick was the son of the burgomeister and was the only boy in the village who had a real gold watch, the bequest of his grand-father in the next town. Rudolph was the son of the cobbler and his only wealth consisted in sound brains. Both boys were liked by all the village for their honesty, energy, and kindness, and both were apparently equal in the eyes of Bertha who knew not which to choose, and worried but little about it as she had but passed her sixteenth birthday and no girl in our village ever married before she was nineteen.

Frederick wanted to go down the valley and become famous as a great merchant and financier while Rudolph would make himself known to the world as a statesman. But each was held back by the thought that if he left, Bertha would marry the other or someone else.

However, when they were nineteen years old they set off together for the town at the end of our road. Through this place runs the great high road where the soldiers of many countries have marched to and from wars. When they arrived in the town Rudolph set out for the cities to the east while Frederick took the road toward the west, and that was the last the driver of the post coach saw of them. Once or twice he heard of them through the gossip in the bigger towns. Both were successful but the coach never brought a great merchant nor a famous statesman back to our little village in the mountains to claim Bertha.

Years passed, the burgomeister died and was buried with great pomp in the plot in the middle of the field behind the church. The miller died and was laid to rest in a beautifully carved oaken coffin. The cobbler died and slept in a cedar coffin made by his friend the carpenter. The inn-keeper died and his son took his

place, and the village remained just as it had been ever since the great French general had stolen the gold weather-cock off the town hall.

Then one day the coach rolled up the winding road and the girls and women who were out to meet it saw two old gray-haired men climb down from it. They went to the inn and to the pastor asking about many people who had been dead these many years. Then they walked to the little field behind the church and gazed silently at the weathered boards, there were several new ones there then. There before one both stood, sadly mute. The board still had enough paint for the original words to be read: "Herr Franz and his Frau Bertha."

Both old men looked at it for a few moments and sadly shaking their heads both turned away and went back to the coach just as it was ready to depart.

The driver told us the next week that when they reached the next village Herr Rudolph, the prime-minister, had taken the road that lead to the cities in the east, and Herr Frederick had gone to the west where he controlled the destinies of nations' wealth.

—*R. M. L., Arts.*



Wee Gretchen

Little Gretchen,—cutest kid,
Played on our lawn all summer long.
When the sun was high and hot,
Our maples shaded the little tot.
Then came fall with pastel hues
And winds that made her don her shoes.
Winter blew, and with it snow,
Still on our terrace that head of tow
Slid and rolled in childish glee.

But then the sun came out again,
He played her false when he began
To melt the snow and ice around,
While still wee Gretchen pleasure found
In romping 'round upon our lawn.

And now 'tis Spring, the little birds,
Her dearest friends, are calling her;
But little Gretchen does not answer,
Nor does she in the summer sweet,
When no more trampled by baby feet,
Our lawn seems bare, and the maples tall
Point to the One who Gretchen called.
And my one prayer, wherever I be
Is: "Little Gretchen pray for me."

—R. M. L., *Arts*



JUST NEOPHYTES

I.

AS LIBRETTISTS



EDGES AND I were "discovering" ourselves on a morning newspaper in a city of about 100,000 and, being the only members of the staff under twenty-three, we were naturally close friends. I always called him Hedges because that was his middle name and no one else ever used it. He, in turn, called me Jock because he always thought that I should have been Scotch instead of Irish. Often in the early hours of the morning, as the last edition was being run off and the office was deserted, we would sit facing each other across the tops of our desks, which were placed back to back in the rear of the office. He was news editor, I was Sunday editor, and we were both ardent woman-haters,—at least that was the first thing we found in common. At such times we often launched forth upon some adventure in the realms of literature, philosophy, dramatic criticism, or fine art,—and occasionally we formulated some unparelleled commercial scheme which would, if ever carried out, net us a fortune. Notice that I used the singular of fortune, for most of what I had belonged to Hedges and practically all of his property was mine. There was but one line drawn: I could smoke his pipes, use his golf clubs, car fares, or socks, but I could not usurp his typewriter nor could he write on mine.

Anyway I started out to tell you about our adventures in the field of fine arts. We both aspired to literary fame, or any other kind that presented itself, so one night, after seeing a matinee performance of the revival of the "Chocolate Soldier" we sat as usual trying to cook up something which would put our names in "Vanity Fair" or the "American."

"Say Jock," he suddenly sputtered, as he usually did when struck by a particularly plausible idea, "Let's write an opera and get Robert Browngate to put it on for us. We both know him well and he's a good fellow."

Robert Browngate is the producer who has come to the front in the past few years with his revivals of the old operatic favorites.

"We can get my uncle to write the music for us, you know he's an old duck who writes a lot of sacred music and is now touring England."

Yes, I knew he had an uncle famous for his compositions but had never heard of him attempting to butt into opera. But such a little matter could not dampen our enthusiasm. We immediately pulled our typewriters closer and started writing something, it did not make much difference just what it was but we had to write it. We had no sooner started, however, than we found that in order to write a libretto we would need a plot of some sort.

"Oh, a plot is easy," I said after a moment or two of dark, deep thinking, "You know Shakespeare merely used the plots of old tales and stories. We can take some old classic and just work it up. Now let's see, we might try *Hiawatha*———"

"Well there's one thing we've got to look out for," interposed Hedges, "and that is not to get into something which has not the tone of a classic, we must not lower ourselves to comic opera, not adopt a level or class below the very highest. Now I suggest something more classical, say *Dombey and Son*."

I felt myself duly squelched. Hedges, being six months and ten days older than I, always showed a better appreciation of the finer things of life than I. But even then I could not reconcile myself to such a plot, it did not fit any music I had ever heard and I fell to sleep reading it, so I immediately withdrew my first nomination but advanced certain of the *Canterbury Tales*.

"Actually, Jock, you are becoming more human every day. You are fast becoming educated by your close touch with the

world through the columns of the press. But I wouldn't want to take the *Canterbury Tales* because they have been used so much, too much, in fact, for even Shakespeare to bother with them. But why not try *Beowulf*?"

Hooray! At last we had struck it. Honestly, Hedges was unsurpassed when it came to literary appreciation.

"By George, Hedges ole topper," I said, "you actually have brought forth an idea after all these years of travail. I never thought you knew anything more out of date than a month-old copy of *Shadowland*. If I had known before that you were semi-civilized we might have had many interesting and congenial conversations. Anyway accept my acquiescence, surrender, agreement, et cetera."

He accepted the long tailor-shears presented to him with due grace and then we proceeded to sketch our plot from memory. A resume of our conversation during the next two hours would be interesting. During that time we talked about it continually while we changed our plot so much that a teacher of English literature would have sued us for libel, but it fitted the stage as we imagined the stage to be so what more could be expected. We spent much time in designing the costumes. It was not so hard to clothe Beowulf and his followers for we found in an old history around the office, a picture of a gang of Gallic men-of-war wearing cowhides. Of course Beowulf was a Swede or something like that but such a little matter as the nationality of costumes did not worry us. But the female costumes were more puzzling. After trying to clothe a tenth-century damsel without the use of silk, French heels, leather, glass buttons, or safety pins, we decided that we should get one of the women in the office to collaborate with us on that point later. Grendal was to be a knock-out dressed as Dr. Miracle in the *Tales of Hoffmann* but we had a lengthy discussion as to whether his mother should go on as one of the witches in *Macbeth* or in a long, black, flowing robe with straggling, gray locks. We decided that Hetty Green in an old

fashioned bathing suit might be appropriate but tabled the matter until the arrival of outside assistance. The plot of the epic was hopelessly dismantled. We put the first part of the story proper into a prelude placed before a great open fire in Beowulf's Scandinavian castle. Then followed a series of arrivals, banquets, fights, rejoicings, more fights, more rejoicings, and at the end the marriage of the afflicted king's daughter to the hero, a honey-moon through Europe, and a happy ending.

After we finished a rough outline of the plot we stopped to think it over.

"Doggone it, Jock," Hedges said after reviewing the thing, "We can't put that out. Let's try to find something original. You know that if we are to do anything big it must be unique, never written before, something that will express human emotions, that will appeal to the heart of the public. This plot is punk, punker than we could make it. Let's use the life of Sammy Kranostach."

Again Hedges' superior imagination had prevailed for the better. Sammy was a young fellow working on our paper who had been born in Russia. His father was one of the first members of the Bolsheviki and had been exiled to Siberia with his wife and their thirteen children when Sammy was eight years old. A few years later they escaped to America where Sammy quickly learned the language, worked his way through college, and was now making good as a newspaper man. The story had wonderful merits, we decided, so we took it up.

After working about two more hours on this new plot we decided, just as the east began to light up, that it was taking an unfair advantage of Sammy to thus expose his history, even if we did not use his right name (for our ethics, in some ways, were sharply defined). Then we concluded that we could find our plot in the vast, unsullied fields of life in the middle west, with no mention of New York, the Riviera, Munich, Spain, or Cisalpine Gaul. But before we had time to concentrate on this new turn of

affairs we found that it was past six o'clock, we were hungry, the restaurant next door had opened, we were sleepy, we must be back to work at five in the afternoon, and we wanted to play golf from twelve o'clock, when we ate our breakfast, until four-thirty. That left us about four hours sleep. After adjourning to the restaurant to get something to eat before going to our rooms, we decided that we would continue our work the next night, but somehow we were too busy for two or three days and when we again found time we had decided to write the "great American novel" and sign it "Jock Hedges."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*This is the first of a series of articles by a college roustabout on his adventures and experiences. The next article in this series will appear in an early number of the Chronicle. The identity of the author will be divulged with the appearance of the last article.*



Evening on the China Sea.

In the Western Sea, mid' glory untold of color bold,
To rest, sank dying day.
On restless wing, through spars, o'er bridge, by nest,
Nomadic sea-gulls swing.
While night adorns with countless gems,
And soft tropics hush fleecy bits of cloud on high,
The silver-moon reveals a path unknown,
Except to lovers and the sea.

Across our dotted deck, wafts Asia's celestial breath,
Infusing hearts with peace:
While breakers dash and roar by spectral light,
On distant Mongol shore.
The Promenade, adorned with lazy-chairs,
Resounds with chat from contented travelers there.

And on, and on, with mighty stride,
Our Pacific steamer rides through lofty swells
And now, alas to leave, the watch from forward castle
shouts:

“Twelve bells and all is well.”

—*Leo B. Fagan, Arts*



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY



IT IS A HABIT of man to laud his predecessors with an undue praise. Mainly because they belong to an ancestral stock, he naturally selects a number of these to be idols of his ambitions and champions of his ideals. On account of this great praise which he confers on early genius, man allows his own present purpose and achievement to occupy an inferior place in his own estimation. And because he permits the time honored works of a former generation to serve as universal and unconditional criteria he depreciates the value of his own productions.

How often have we not heard the present generation exclaim: "If we only had a Lincoln or a Washington today! If only the present age could produce a Cicero, an Aristotle, or a Shakespeare!" These and their like are common petitions uttered regularly in the current age.

Satisfy, if possible, this desire and soon there would be a plea for the return of contemporaries. Now while our ancestors are certainly not unworthy of praise, still present accomplishment should not be overshadowed by constant comparison with the immortal works of a former generation. If people of today would but study and compare, with an open mind, the works and conditions of the present with those of the past, they might find, that this era, too, can boast of its geniuses. At any rate such is the case in most phases of life. And in dramatics the present is not entirely eclipsed by the past.

For the present age has an array of dramatists which, in time, may be esteemed with a degree of praise equal to that attributed their predecessors. Their real worth will be sensed by future generations and their works will be regarded with an appreciation more than that accorded them today. Prominent on this list of dramatists are names of American play-wrights and among them, possibly the most eminent, William Vaughn Moody.

Any master or near master of creative genius is judged by the merit of his noblest productions. To determine this intrinsic quality, three things must be taken into consideration: First, a critical estimate by competent judges; secondly, the effect of the work upon the public; and thirdly, the longevity of the appeal. No test, fairer or more in accord with the principles of dramatic criticism, could be applied to Mr. Moody's plays. Hence an appreciation of his two best productions, "The Great Divide" and "The Faith Healer," will give us a correct estimate of his dramatic ability.

From time to time plays have appeared which were advertised as "The Great American Play." Such a play must admirably hit off the spirit of the whole country, must have a literary excellence which will assure its longevity and must have a theme new in the theatre, yet one which springs from the soil of the country itself. Its scope must be broad enough to have taken place anywhere. Such a play was "The Great Divide." It expresses in pure and unmistakeable tones the spirit of the whole United States. It has a theme which, while springing from the soil of the United States, could be produced in any country. It was altogether unfamiliar to the Theatre, yet was just as plain as life itself. In its theme, purpose, and style "The Great Divide" is inherently American. The characters and customs are those which spring exclusively from American soil. Ruth Jordan, the central character is a typical American girl of the New England type. She is an amalgamation of the old Puritanical Stock and the free, natural American. She, her brother Philip and sister-in-law, Polly, invest the Jordan fortune in a Castus Fibre concern in Arizona. One evening circumstances so prevail that Ruth is forced to guard the cabin. No sooner is she left alone than three strange characters, rough and drunken, force their way into the cabin, Ruth succeeds in winning one of the intruders, Steve Ghent, to her side and promises to pay him with her life if he will save her. Steve buys off the Mexican with a string of

gold nuggets and wins over "Dutch" in a gun duel. He then takes Ruth to his home in the Cordilleras where they are married.

Steve is a typical Westerner, a man left to follow his baser impulses in the wider regions of the West, yet a man whose philosophy of life is natural and sound. He is as Ruth herself says, "a sublime abstraction—the glorious unfulfilled—of the West." He does everything within his power to make of Ruth a loving happy wife; but Ruth, a victim to her New England pride, feels that she has been bought by a mere trumpety chain and plans to free herself from Ghent after repaying him the price of her safety. She succeeds in doing this with secretly earned money and then returns to Massachusetts with the rest of her family. A son is born to Ruth and back in her old home she realizes her mistake. She is not herself and suffers the torments of a guilty conscience. Ghent comes to Massachusetts and secretly supports the Jordan family. In a very dramatic scene he is presented to Ruth, who, when she follows the true dictates of her heart reconciles herself to her husband and plans to start life anew in the free and open West.

This play achieved one of the most notable theatrical successes of its time. It is a powerful conception, well constructed, effectively written, and unique in its deeper substantial purpose. A play practically without a problem though it possesses, of course, the essential struggle. It answers no questions or opens no new intellectual fields but is interesting because of its typical characters and unique situations which are, after all, more important in dramatic art than portrayals of particular phases of life in the same old way. It does not follow, however, that this play is on a par with many masterpieces of European drama, yet in searching for some worthy product of our own environment we need not hesitate long before classing this work of powerful characterization among our chief American productions. It manifests that sincerity, vitality, and optimism which so clearly characterize our people.

“The Great Divide” is, especially in the opening scene, essentially melodramatic. The melodramatic tone is carried throughout the play, though it borders, toward the close, on the modern serious drama. Its structure is somewhat strange. Starting with a universal theme the author does not observe the rules of the drama that are usually followed. Instead of producing a curve of interest which all great plays from the time of Shakespeare show he has traced a curve which is somewhat irregular. The climax appears very near the close where Ruth is informed that Ghent is in Massachusetts and where she relates to Mrs. Jordan her true feelings in regard to the marriage. Leading up to the climax interest rises and falls making its path very peculiar. There are occasional scenes which are very dramatic and eloquent. That in which the intruders take Ruth captive and where she becomes reconciled to Steve, most certainly show the stamp of genius.

The true value of the piece, however, lies in its dialogue. It is in this that the literary ability and poetic nature of Moody are best portrayed. The diction is always simple, natural, and compact. It portrays the effect of environment upon character and the interaction upon each other of originally kindred natures. It shows that a woman, reared in an atmosphere of the refinements and niceties of New England culture, when coping with a man who follows his freer, baser, and more natural instincts can resort only to her higher sense of cultivation to defend herself. The speech which Moody has given his men and women is superb. It is simple and appropriate, yet tempered with variety. As a whole the play clearly shows how perfectly the author understood the American people; though a literary man and a poet he could interpret their spirit in interesting presentation, tense struggle, and expressive language.

“The Faith Healer” is of very different character from “The Great Divide,” resembling it chiefly in use of symbolism, occasional eloquent scenes, the singular construction, super

diction and dramatic interest. As the title implies, it deals with spiritual and pathological phenomena. Scriptural parallalisms are frequent throughout the piece and even the characters resemble many in the Bible.

Michaelis, the hero, is an ecstatic son of a missionary to the Indians in Mexico. After years of sheeptending in the wilderness he sees a vision of the Living Christ and soon after begins to work miracles of healing. When the curtain rises he is visiting a farm in the Middle West. The proprietor, Matthew Beeler, is an adherent of Darwinian and Spencerian philosophy; his wife Mary, a staunch religionist, has been a helpless paralytic for five years. Neither he nor his sister, Martha, have any faith in Michaelis' powers. The latter, however, has a disciple in Mrs. Beeler's neice, Rhoda.

Michaelis is a man of varying moods. Generally an enthusiast, he is often inclined to doubt his own powers and is greatly perturbed by the presence of Rhoda, who strongly attracts him. Despite this, he succeeds in curing Mrs. Beeler who, though still very weak, is enabled to walk. Later on Michaelis is conquered by his love for Rhoda and his willingness to sacrifice all for her. As a result Mrs. Beeler loses her strength and is again confined to her bed. Also, an infant whom he had been trying to cure, dies. Rhoda confesses that she has been a sinner, whereupon Michaelis finds she is not what he supposed her to be and beholds a yet higher destiny unfolding before her and himself. His healing powers return to him and as he leaves the scene in fulfillment of his mission, the dead babe breathes again and Mrs. Beeler, with strength restored, walks forward to give her testimony to a crowd of waiting pilgrims.

The play would be stronger if it were clearer in meaning and purpose, and more specific in argument and dialogue. It is difficult to determine whether it is a profession of faith, a spiritual romance, or a mere dramatic study of existing conditions. Perhaps Mr. Moody sought to illustrate a problem rather than to

solve it. A cue to his meaning may lie in the suggestion of Michaelis when he says: "these lives of ours may be poured like a jelly from one mould into another, until God Himself cannot remember what they were two years ago." Perhaps he wished to portray the fickleness of humanity or the rapid changes which environment often works on man.

Although this play was not a popular success it is a very significant and weighty production. The tone and situation are dramatic and the structure skillful. The struggle consists in human love striving against dedication to a fixed resolve. But for a considerable portion of the play one is at a loss to know which of two alternatives to choose as the likely termination of the action—whether Michaelis will renounce his resolve for love, or love for the resolve. Either looks to be the logical and inevitable outcome.

The author skillfully interweaves the two and draws from the reconciliation of love and the set purpose the result sought from one or other alternative exclusively.

The "Faith Healer," like the "Great Divide," has throughout a melodramatic tone. It is governed by incidents and the characters are accounted for by outside forces. It resembles the "Great Divide" in phases other than classification. It contains that touch of superb poetic diction which distinguishes Moody from most dramatists. It is stamped by occasional passionate and eloquent scenes and is very peculiarly constructed.

Besides his prose productions Mr. Moody has written several others in verse. Among them are "The Fire Bringer," which celebrates the sacrifice of Prometheus in bringing fire to mankind; "the Masque of Judgment," having for its theme the conquest of all things by the serpent; and "The Death of Eve," which was left incomplete.

It is a sad event that Mr. Moody should have died an early death, just when his career was commencing to blossom, but be-

ore the plant of his literary ability had an opportunity to bear its fruit. His life was cut short just as his work was reaching its full development. But Mr. Moody has succeeded in adding to the literary heritage of mankind.

—*Leo Husman, Arts*



To My Son.

Do you know that your life is of my life such part,
That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do,
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name,
“Like mother like son” is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be yours then the task, if task it shall be,
To force a proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say when its verdict you’ve won
“She reaped as she sowed—Lo, this is her son!”

—*L. Benz, Pharmacy*



:: EDITORIAL ::

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FOUNDERS' DAY There is in the month of February a red-letter day for every Creighton student and alumnus. On the 7th of this month all those connected with

the university observe the custom of reviving the memory of Count John A. and Edward Creighton who founded Creighton University. This custom is based on the gratitude that every Creighton student and alumnus owes to the charity of these men whose beneficence has provided a broad education for myriads of youths.

The early struggles of the Creightons, their ultimate success, and their realization of the desire to establish an educational institution where needy, ambitious students could study, has been so oft repeated that but a mention of it will here suffice. However, it can not be too often recalled to every Creighton student that the founders are exemplars of worthy ideals, determination and perseverance. A prudent recollection of the struggle with necessity that spurred on the Creightons in their early successes can be an incentive to make the most of the educational facilities which these pioneers provided for the subsequent generations in order to eliminate as much as possible the misery and hopelessness that results from contact with necessity and hardship.

If the wealth of the Creightons, later bequethed to the University, be compared with that of most men of wealth it would appear comparatively insignificant. Yet in many respects that wealth has proved to be the greatest fortune in the land. By means of it knowledge and wisdom have been disseminated, misery and hardships greatly eliminated, prosperity and happiness provided, and the principles and ideals taught by Christ inculcated into young minds. The result has been numerous law-abiding, God-fearing, and contented citizens. The memory of many men possessed of greater wealth than that of the Creightons has died with them. But the spirit and memory of the founders shall endure with increasing steadfastness in the future.

—*F. C. C.*





MEDICAL

On Monday, January 30th, Dr. Schulte addressed the Good Fellowship Committee of the Chamber of Commerce on "Modern Conditions in the Practice of Medicine." On the following Monday Dr. Irvine, before the same body, gave an illustrated lecture with lantern slides from original photographs on his experiences in Labrador last summer.

At the meeting of the Sioux Valley Medical Society, held in Sioux City, Ia., January 25th, Dr. Floyd Clark read a paper on "Intussusception: Some Points in Diagnosis," and made a plea for earlier recognition. At the same meeting Dr. Wolcott read his paper on "Spondyloisthesis."

The World Herald for January 28th carried a resume of an address by Dr. Schulte before the Mens Club on "What a Patient Should Expect from His Doctor."

At the Annual Meeting of the Society for the Relief of the Disabled, Dr. Wolcott and Dr. Schulte

were elected trustees of the organization.

Dr. Heagy addressed the January 17th meeting of the Douglas County Medical Society on "Cerebellar Manifestations of Epidemic Encephalitis."

At the recent annual meeting of the Elkhorn Valley Medical Society, held at Fremont, Dr. W. Y. Thompson read a paper on "Intravenous Glucose Therapy."

Dr. A. K. Detwiler, formerly professor of therapeutics here, died suddenly, January 30th, at his home, 4012 Harney St. His many friends here at the school and his old pupils among the graduates of Creighton unite in extending their sincere sympathy to his family. At the funeral, held from the residence, Drs. Newell Jones, Dishong, McCleneghan, and Sachs of the faculty acted as pall bearers.

Dr. Thompson is giving his Junior year clinic this semester at the County Hospital, where, on ac-

count of the abundance of chronic and acute cases, unusual opportunity is afforded for clinical study.

Miss Potts, from Toronto, Can., a graduate nurse with special training for this work, is now on duty at St. Joseph's Hospital in the Physiotherapy ward, under the direction of Dr. Wolcott.

The deep sympathy of the faculty and students is extended to Dr. Kully on his great sorrow in the loss of his mother who died February 2, at the Presbyterian Hospital.

Now that he has successfully passed the recent semester exams Jack Malee of the Sophomore class is looking forward to a long and pleasant life as a practitioner — provided that the Journal of the A. M. A. continually publishes its weekly column of "Tonics and Sedatives." We suggest, however, that Jack, although only an under-graduate student, subscribe for this publication right now and thus he may bring his line of jokes up to date. It might be well also for him to investigate and see if he can not find a clubbing offer through which he could get the Journal.

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long with Life and Judge for her similar humorous numbers. This will add the spice of variety, and also help to keep his repertoire young and healthy.

At a recent exemplification of the Phi Rho Sigma ritual, Dr. F. J. Dietrich of the faculty was made an honorary member of that fraternity. On February 7th, the annual Initiation Dance was held at the Blackstone at which were many guests from the graduates of the city and vicinity.

Jack Deeney Ewing's sister, Deeres Aileen, arrived in Omaha, Saturday morning, February 4th. Since the big event Ben and Mrs. Ewing have been busy receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

We know now why Clarence Nobel bought his examination paper by the nickel's worth and had to make that many more trips to keep supplied. "Don't you think he is the biggest, the handsomest, and best looking man in the school?"

On February 9th, after being fully prepared and put in the proper state of mind, this year's class of candidates for the mysteries of Phi Chi was solemnly ini-

tiated in accordance with the ritual of that Fraternity. The following Freshmen were shown that Greek letters can mean something other than just the wierd inscriptions they thought they were, when they used to notice them in the shoe shiner's newspaper: Paul Berney, Frank Berney, Cristie, Condon, Delaney, Dolan, Flynn, Mailliard, Maly, McAleer, Pankau, Primasing, Reid, Scanlan, and Watke. On the Tuesday following, a St. Valentine's Day Dancing Party was given at the Blackstone in honor of the Initiates and was chaperoned by Dr. and Mrs. Schulte and Dr. and Mrs. Heagy. Everybody had a big time and the last hour was spent in a riot of color and queer noises from the gay paper caps and confetti and the toy squaker balloons provided by the committee on doodads and dubusarries.

For the benefit of John Jordan, and anyone else who might avail himself of the information, we would like to publish a street railway schedule showing the time of the last return car from Council Bluffs to Omaha. But space won't permit it this time. However, after that walk the other night, John now knows all about the habits of these alleged interurbans—and why should anybody want to go to Council Bluffs anyway?

We understand that Mat Severn is contemplating accepting an offer from Annette Kellerman to join her troupe of fancy swimmers. It must be that the rumor—like all rumors down here—is only a rumor that Bert Schwedhelm rescued his fellow roomer from the dark, wet depths of the Gym Pool, and that a petition is being circulated to get him a Carnegie Medal for bravery. We asked Mat for a little light on the situation, but he says there wasn't any and that is why there was one.

We have all heard the definition for the height of economy, or for laziness, or indifference, etc., but Frank Webber has set a new example for efficiency which beats the standard accepted for that virtue. In order to beat his fellow householders of the Phi Rho home down to breakfast by a safe margin of $7\frac{3}{4}$ seconds he puts on his clean shirt at night when retiring. The collar buttons are put in place and the cuff links in and ready to be snapped—just like the fire har-

ness in the days of real sport. Now if that isn't the height of early morning efficiency we will open a contest on the subject.

PHARMACY

Dean Newton went to Lincoln Nebraska, on Wednesday, January 25, to attend a meeting of the Special Legislative Committee of the Nebraska Pharmaceutical Association. He states that the work on the new Pharmacy Law is progressing satisfactorily.

Mr. C. F. Leppert, Chief Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, gave a lecture on the "Narcotic Law" before the entire Pharmacy class on Thursday, January 26. His talk was very enjoyable and instructive, and much valuable information was gained concerning the handling and dispensing of narcotics.

Several weeks ago when the ground was covered with a fresh layer of snow, and the neighborhood boys were in their glory

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past down the hills, our friend Dill was earnestly applying himself to study. He watched the boys as they sped past his place all memories of bygone days haunted him, and finally becoming so enthused that he decided to join them in their fun. Now Dill, a modest and unassuming lad, nevertheless he prided himself somewhat on his ability as a baster. He borrowed a sled, went to the top of the hill and was going to show the boys just how to win a race. The entire bunch took off and started, and in their midst was our gallant hero. Halfway down still all was well, but ere long Dill was gradually losing ground. The leaders arrived at their stopping place, and were calmly awaiting the rest of their gang. When Dill arrived he seemed to have gained some speed and was scattering snow in all directions. He neglected, however, to look ahead and became tangled up in about a dozen sleds. He emerged therefrom but not entire, as his pride was torn and also his attire. He fled from the place,

with a broken nose, to the nearest Medie who would set aright this most important organ. Now Dill has vowed he would let childhood sports be bygones, and keep clear of sleds in the future. He gives this advice to would-be college coasters, "Don't try to beat the kids at their own sport."

On December 12, Phi Delta Chi entertained at an informal banquet given at the Brandeis Restaurant in honor of the grand president, E. W. Thurston. Following the feast Professor Newton Gerald, Marsh, and grand president Thurston entertained with a few words. After all were satisfied the party went to the Chapter house where professor F. E. Marsh was taken into honorary membership in the Phi Chapter of Phi Delta Chi.

On Tuesday, January 24, our star football center, Tom Berry, was introduced to the mysteries of the Kappi Psi Fraternity. William Murphy also became acquainted with them during the course of the evening. After the

initiation a short but snappy business meeting was held. It became so business-like that every trifling motion made, instead of being decided in the usual verbal way, required strict ballot voting to satisfy all present. We have been unable to gather all necessary data, but it seems there were some heated arguments in regard to a certain entertainment to be held in the near future. Finally one of the opponents made a motion that the date be set for February 29. It was immediately seconded and voted upon by ballot. The motion was carried, and those in favor of it had already formulated plans for the event, when somebody made a mess of it all by asking what date the 29th fell on. The original proposer of the motion than announced that he had specified no year, so when the 29th of February comes again watch for the big entertainment. The only motion where ballots were not needed was the motion to adjourn.

Semester exams are past and we are still in the ranks.

LAW

Hist! ! ! ! There's some skullduggery afoot down here in the Law School—something distinctly rotten in the state of Denmark. Father Egan has found signs on the walls, pointing to thievery or

something else of a predatory nature or worse. Anyway there are signs on the walls of the Law building and they spell the doom of some one. A "human fly" is suspected because the degenerate left his imprint high on the walls. Father Egan is even now performing a Bertillon on the tracks which the mysterious stranger left on the walls and from the heel marks gives it as his opinion that they might belong to O'Sullivan. But it might be Goodyear or even a Cat's Paw. But whoever it is, the culprit will soon be revealed through the tell-tale marks.

Which means that you should keep your feet off the walls and on the floor. Verb sap—or don't you sabe.

After a long period of anxious waiting during which time we hovered between life and death, and the paternal wrath, the grades came out and stayed out.

Watch the bulletin board for the date of the conditions. (No thanks necessary; glad to share the information with you; same fix.)

The Model House is evoking a tremendous amount of interest this semester; a galaxy of forensic talent holds forth at every session,

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angling the bills and exco-riat-
ing one another in great style; it's
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pages and our wags, our parlia-
mentarians and—well, the rest of
is. One young lady spectator re-
marked on the amount of motions
the other evening. There is quite
a bit, counting all the waste mo-
tion. Even Gregg (peace to his
ashes), would be startled at the
elasticity of his rules and recog-
nized motions.

Everybody came heeled when
the bill for light wines and beer
was up for discussion, that is, with
peeches. The subject proved
very delectable, and long and well
did the orators discourse thereon
in fluent, liquid tones. Mc-
Guigan's classic offering for the
evening's entertainment was his
rising to a "pint" of order. Mac
was probably trying to get a quart
by having someone else raise an-
other pint. Shame on you, Mac!
We thought you came from Vol-
stead's own state.

Dean Louis J. TePoel attended
the convention of the American

just about makes it unanimous.

Bar Association at Washington,
D. C.

The Barristers, moving to their
former scene of activities at the
Blackstone Hotel, made a hit with
their dance of January 25. Inas-
much as the ball room there meets
the wishes of the student perform-
ers of Creighton University and
finds favor with the fair sex, the
Barristers will confine their attrac-
tive dances to the Blackstone. An-
other treat is promised for Feb-
ruary 16 and still another for
March 17. All of Irish descent are
invited on the latter date, which

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MEN

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Professor Neal Reardon was a judge at the annual elocution contest at South High School.

(By Dame Gossip) Two Creighton law students are apparently seeking the hand of the same girl. One of them is a blonde, handsome brute in his second year. He is employed as a claim agent in his odd and sundry moments and sells a little insurance on the side. His first name is Joe and his last name is frequently used in connection with the word "mad", e. g. raving mad, stark mad, and so on. But it would not do to reveal his name. The other is dark and is well known for his impersonations. He attends night classes and is engaged in the real estate and insurance business during the day. He has two more years of school before he will be fully equipped to fight the battles of life, of the bar, and

of the home, which he now dreams of with this certain mysterious lady presiding over it. He has a very good Irish name. His father was the head of the business house of Mulvihill and Company. Dame Gossip could not get the girl's name from this young man, whom we shall call Clair. In fact she is merely drawing conclusions, but from very substantial premises, as to this rivalry for her favor. Apparently Joe and Clair both believe in the survival of the fittest. So far neither has outdistanced the other. Joe was wearing a heavy bandage between his eyes for several days, while Clair had a yard of court plaster on his left cheek for a week. The plot thickens, as the Lochinvars go about with that look of the guiltiest feeling.

Father Egan with the aid of the Patrick Henrys in the Debating

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club is marshalling his hosts for a forensic fray with Nebraska Wesleyan University, which will be held on February 20 at the University Auditorium. The bone of contention will be "Whether or not the system of the closed shop is justifiable." The locals chose their Goliaths at a preliminary held February 6.

The American Law Book Company has donated a set of fifty-two volumes of Corpus Juris and Cyc to the law school to be given to the student who shall answer correctly eight series of questions of law, the answers to which are found in these same books. The contest is under the direction of Professor Gillespie.

And now comes Dolan and complains that he is not receiving enough publicity, even after that bon mot in the Creightonianities of the last number. All right, here goes. The story is told that Marion and another unsung, unheralded, and unhonored student went to a dance the other night

and there met ———— Oh, we haven't the heart. You tell 'em Dolan; we've started the publicity for you.

Sunday, January 15, was Visitor's day at the Law school. From two to four in the afternoon, a constant stream of people, including judges, attorneys and former students wended their way through the spacious building. The crowd was estimated at five hundred. All had words of praise for the ample class rooms, the spacious halls and the various innovations introduced in this new seat of legal learning. The library with its appointments and its general beauty of architecture came in for more than its proper measure of favorable comment. The labyrinthine stock room with its many new features was a revelation to all. The "house-warming" and reception was a success from every standpoint; all went away well pleased and satisfied that Creighton University is keeping abreast of other institutions in the legal field.

Tuesday, February 7, was observed as a holiday in honor of the Founders of the University. Washington's Birthday was similarly honored by an adjournment of classes.

The Freshmen are resting easily now. The two fraternities held their initiations, the Gam on Sunday, January 29, the Delta Thets on Sunday, February 5, following probation week. The Gam pledges disported themselves in rustic and bucolic attire, giving the school an appearance of an agricultural college. A few emulated Isaak Walton by fishing from the various receptacles in the smoking room but caught nothing, we are told. The Gamma fraternity was strengthened by an addition of fifteen sturdy Greeks.

The Delts propelled twelve aspirants to Greekdom over the burning sands, after meeting out various occupations to them to prove their worth. The principal task was to be able to peregrinate with the aid of a crutch, besides other light occupations which were carried out faithfully. The only exception was Gartland, whose act of patrolling the lower hall on a Kiddie Kar fell through, because he was unable to part his nephew from his gas buggy. After a rather hot session at the Gymnasium as a wind up to the pro-

gram, the feelings, somewhat ruffled and sorely tried, of the candidates were assuaged by a dinner dance held at the Prettiest Mile Club, February 14. A number of alumni members were in attendance.

And now comes Rapp of Dawson county and informs us that this column should run a comic supplement for the edification and pleasure of those who art unable to read the printed word. Inasmuch as that is beyond the pale of possibility and of our powers, we shall attempt a near approach to such a comic page by leaving out the pictures and putting in the words and let those that can read read such to their younger brothers and fellow students. You remember the sheet by Briggs, that provokes hilarity by its final "Papa loves Mamma?"; well,

Creighton Views

Ming L. Reed

DEVELOPING
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here goes one on the same order,
with Rapp's suggestions———

Imagine the first part; the final
part is: Delta love Gamma?

The Gams will give a dancing
party at the Blackstone Hotel,
Saturday evening, February 25.

Take this home and show it to
the children; there's a kick in it
somewhere; well, that's all, there
isn't any more.

ARTS

BEWARE

There were two boys who went to college
to enlarge upon their fund of knowledge;
one worked hard and climbed the hill,
the other didn't and is climbing still.

Two boys, if you would reach the top,
Work hard or you are apt to flop;
And once you're down, I'm telling you,
It's mighty hard to begin anew.

Follow the ball and play the game
or you may be the very same
as the last of the boys who went to college
to enlarge upon his fund of knowledge.

Chug—Chug—Chug, turn on
the steam and the great locomotive
of education will resume its
journey to the next station, "Last
Chance." The station, just passed,
"Check Up" proved a "bug-bear"

for some. Just a few, a very few
we're glad to say, were forced to
leave the train here for want of
the where-with to carry them on.
Others there are, who will be com-
pelled to pass coal the remainder
of the trip in order to retain their
passage.

We wish to warn all of the dan-
gerous curve ahead at Easter or
thereabouts. Having passed this
treacherous stretch of track, we
will be able, provided we carry
out the orders of the conductor
(W. J. G.), to glide peacefully and
successfully into the sheds of
"Last Chance." Here, some will
be handed their passports for a
voyage on the good ship "Suc-
cess" through the sea of life;
while others will wait to board the
train again, after three months
rest, to ride through another cycle
of its endless journey.

The College Basketball League
was started with a boom on the
evening of January 17. The vic-
tors of the three games played
were: Freshmen Arts, Sophomore
Arts, and Seniors. In the first
game the Freshmen Arts, through

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the stellar work of Pendergast and Haley, overcame the fierce resistance of the Prelegals by the score of 9 to 6.

In the second game, Edward Maloney and his fighting Irish, representing the Sophomore Arts class, swamped the Sophomore Premedics to the tune of a 28 to 4 score. "Moke" Russell and Pat Murphy, phenomenal forwards, were the star performers for the A. B.'s.

All dope was upset when the Juniors, last year's champs, were forced to bow in submission to the onslaught of the fierce Senior aggregation. The defeat, no doubt, was due to the unyielding floorwork of Bill Derig, the Seniors' doughty left guard. Score 8 to 7.

The annual oratorical contest of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences was held in the University Auditorium Thursday evening, Jan. 19. The winners were:

First, Charles S. Costello—subject "The Apartment House, A Menace to Society"; second, Francis C. Charvat—subject, "Faith, A Factor in Universal Concord"; third, J. Thomas Russell—subject "England's Attitude towards Ireland." The others who took part in the contest were Daniel W. Conway, William J. Klemm, and Julius A. Humphrey. The judges were Rev. J. F. McCarthy, Mr. James Hanley, and Mr. Charles McLaughlin.

The annual retreat for the students of the Arts College began Monday morning, January 30th. The retreat, in all probability one of the most delightful ever given the students of Creighton, was conducted by Father McDonald of Denver. After three days of serious reflection, the exercise ended with Mass and Communion followed by Papal Benediction on Thursday morning, February 2.



ATHLETICS

Notre Dame 28—Creighton 25

Notre Dame 22—Creighton 25

Creighton University's basketball flippers dropped the first of a two game series to Notre Dame Friday night in one of the most exciting contests of the season.

Basketball fans were treated to a view of two All-American football players in the Notre Dame lineup, Rodge Kiley and Eddie Anderson. Each of the Notre Dame players were introduced as a former football player but fans soon found out that the introduction was unnecessary.

The game was rough—but not dirty. Referee Ridell called but seven personal fouls during the entire game.

At the "kickoff" the Blue and White players countered Notre Dame at their own tactics—roughness. "Jimmy" Lovely, the smallest man on the Creighton team, bumped into Kiley and the latter was out for the allotted three minutes. Soon afterwards Wise was dribbling down the floor at a rapid rate, when Mahre the biggest man on the team bumped into

him, and he was forced to call for his three minutes of rest.

Creighton started in whirlwind fashion and gave all the evidence of administering to the Indianians a good drubbing. They had seven points chalked up before Notre Dame piled up a six point lead, but baskets by Mahoney, Lovely, its end Coach Hales rallied, and with the good work of Kiley, Anderson and Mahre succeeded in passing Creighton's lead. The half ended with Notre Dame leading 10 to 9.

The second half opened with the Blue and White playing a loose and poorly guarded game. Notre Dame piled up a six point lead, but baskets by Mahoney, Lovely, Lynch, and Wise gave Creighton a two point advantage which they held until the final two minutes when Mehre sank a lucky shot from the center of the floor. This followed by Anderson's field goal and free throw won the game.

Kane and Lynch tied for individual scoring with nine points each. Mehre and Mahoney each registered eight points.

Notre Dame

	G	FT	F	Pts
Kiley (C), rf	2	0	1	4
Kane, lf	4	1	1	9
Mehre, c	4	0	2	8
Anderson, rg	0	0	1	0
Mayl, lg	0	0	0	0
McDermot, lf	2	1	0	5
Kennedy, c	1	0	0	4
Totals	13	2	5	28

Substitutions—McDermot for Kane, Kennedy for Mehre, Kane for McDermot, Mehre for Kennedy, McDermot for Kiley.

Creighton

	G	FT	F	Pts
Wise, rf	2	0	1	4
Lovely, lf	1	0	0	2
Mahoney, c	4	0	0	8
Paynter, rg	1	0	1	2
Lynch, lg	3	3	0	9
Totals	11	3	2	25

Substitutions—Trautman for Lovely, Berry for Lynch, Lynch for Wise.

Officials—Referee, Riddell, Nebraska; umpire, Carey, Cornell; timekeeper, Mullen, Creighton.

On Saturday Coach Kearney's men revenged the defeat which Notre Dame handed them in their first meeting by nosing out a victory in the second game by a score of 25 to 22.

The game was a real exhibition of the popular indoor sport. Every minute was a thriller. Each team took turns at leading the scoring and at no time was one team over two field goals ahead of the other.

Creighton broke even with Notre Dame in games won and points scored, but it was a case of a light weight aggregation defeating a heavy opponent, Notre Dame outweighing the Blue and White team several pounds to the man.

Notre Dame carried the heavy end of the scoring during the major portion of the game, but

Creighton carried the heavy end of the playing. The Blue and White had three shots to the visitors one, but the cordon of weight which the Indianans presented when they had their five men guarding the goal forced Creighton to do most of their shooting from mid-floor.

Both teams played good basketball and the outcome was in keeping with the form displayed. It was a hotly contested argument and incidently a rough one.

The Blue and White players were minus the services of "Jimmy" Lovely who was injured the previous night. He was replaced by Ralph Powell, who did his work well. Ralph commenced the scoring with a shot over his head from an almost impossible angle.

The half ended as in the previous night with the Hoosiers leading 10 to 9.

In the second half Tom Berry replaced Powell. Wise and Mahoney gave Creighton a three point lead by caging field goals. Anderson narrowed the gap to one point on a lucky shot from the center of the floor. Here the teams again commenced their seesaw for the lead until the final minute of play when Lynch put Creighton in the lead on a free throw and Mahoney placed the game on ice by a field goal, the

ball being in the air when the final whistle blew.

The Creighton team were five stars in one. Mahoney did his work well and Wise, Lynch, and Berry, displayed some beautiful team work while Paynter was always in the way when a Notre Dame man tried to shoot.

Eddie Anderson and Rodger Kiley, along with Mahre the giant center, were the props of the Notre Dame team.

Notre Dame				
	G	FT	F	Pts
Kiley, rf	2	3	2	7
Kane, lf	2	0	1	4
Mehre, c	1	0	0	2
Mayl, rg	0	0	2	0
Anderson, lg	1	0	3	2
McDermot, rg	2	3	2	7
Total	8	6	10	22

Creighton				
	G	FT	F	Pts
Wise, rf	1	0	1	2
Powell, lf	1	0	0	2
Mahoney, c	3	2	2	8
Paynter, rg	1	0	3	2
Lynch, lg	3	5	1	11
Berry, lf	0	0	1	0
Lovely, rf	0	0	0	0
Total	9	7	8	25
Referee—Riddel, Nebraska. Umpire—Carey, Cornell.				

5. Dakota State 26—Creighton 28

5. Dakota State 25—Creighton 34

With the coming of the Dakotans, Coach Kearney's basketball five were treated to the roughest game they ever played, but they humbled the undefeated South Dakota State team 28 to 26.

The game was a surprise to practically every spectator and player in the Gymnasium. Each team thought they would have little difficulty in winning while

the spectators thought Creighton would have an easy time with the Dakotans. The result was that the crowd was treated to the most exciting game of basketball seen on a Creighton floor for some time.

After the first few minutes of play, both teams cast basketball rules to the four winds, and introduced grid tactics. This seemed to please everybody, players, spectators, and even the referee who called but eight fouls although the game was the roughest ever played on a Creighton floor.

State commenced the scoring when Carey and Thune each sank ringers in the first two minutes of play. This bit of team work surprised the Blue and White who were a long time, in striking their usual stride. The Dakotans led at the half, 19 to 18.

The second half found both teams willing to mix, but each played a more defensive game. At one time the Northerners had a five point advantage which they held until the final three minutes, when Mahoney and Captain Wise each caged long shots in a last desperate effort to win the game. Lynch tied the score with a free throw. Just as the timer raised his gun, Lynney placed a lucky shot through the hoop for the winning scores.

"Cy" Lynch and Carey divided the individual scoring honors with

14 points each. Mahoney was next with 12 points.. Wise, Lovely and Berry played an excellent floor game while their team work was remarkable. Floyd Paynter, at guard, was largely responsible for the Dakotans low score.

Creighton		G	FT	PF	TF	Pts
Wise (C), lf		1	0	0	0	2
Lovely, rf		1	0	0	0	2
Mahoney, c		6	0	0	0	12
Lynch, rg		4	4	2	0	12
Berry, rg		0	0	1	0	0
Paynter, rg		0	0	0	0	0
Total		12	4	3	0	28
South Dakota State		G	FT	PF	TF	Pts
Carey, lf		9	2	0	1	20
Welch, rf		1	0	2	1	2
L. Thune (C), c		2	0	0	0	4
Schutte, lg		0	0	1	0	0
Thompson, rg		0	0	0	0	0
E. Thune, rf		0	0	0	0	0
Total		12	2	3	2	26

Referee—Aldrich of Ames.

Time of Halves—Twenty minutes.

Creighton took the second game from the South Dakota eagres Saturday by a score of 34 to 25.

One of the largest crowds of the season gathered to see a repetition of Friday's exciting contest. But there was a vast difference between the two games. There were not the rough tactics nor the hard fight which marked the first meeting.

From the time that Lynch started the scoring in the first few minutes of play until the final whistle Creighton led in scoring. The Dakotans were never within five points of Creighton's score.

After Lynch's start, field goals by Mahoney, Lovely and Wise

brought Creighton's score to sixteen before the visitors had chalked up a single field goal.

The half ended with Creighton on the long end of a 23 to 13 count.

For the first ten minutes of the second half both teams gave a pretty exhibition of the cage sport, each registering seven points. There was some clever floor work, neat passing, and accurate shooting. But in the final few minutes Creighton's defense strenghtened and long shots by Mahoney, Lovely and Wise increased the gap which clearly indicated the winner.

In the first half "Jimmy" Lovely was accidentally kicked and had to be removed from the contest. He was able to continue in the second frame.

Carey led the scoring of the evening with 15 points. Lovely was next with 12 and Mahoney placed third with 10.

Close guarding by Paynter and Lynch was largely responsible for the low score of the Dakotans, while the combination of Lovely to Wise to Mahoney and back to Lovely seemed to be too complex for the Aggies to solve.

Creighton		G	FT	PF	TF	Pts
Wise (C), lf		4	0	4	0	8
Lovely, rf		6	0	0	0	12
Mahoney, c		2	0	0	0	4
Lynch, lg		3	4	1	0	10
Paynter, rg		0	0	2	0	0
Berry, lg		0	0	0	0	0
Travtman, lf		0	0	0	0	0
Peckaitis, rf		0	0	0	0	0
Total		15	4	7	0	34

	South Dakota		State		PF	TF	Pts
	G	FT	G	FT			
Kearney, lf	5	5	1	0	15		
Welch, rf	1	0	1	0	2		
Thune (C), c	0	0	1	1	0		
Shutte, lg	0	0	0	0	0		
Hompson, rg	2	0	0	0	4		
Atterson, c	2	0	0	0	4		
Thune, rf	0	0	0	0	0		
Johnson, lf	0	0	0	0	0		
Total	10	5	3	1	25		
Referee—Aldrich of Iowa State. Umpire—							
sty of Midland. Time of Halves—Twenty							
minutes.							

Michigan Aggies 30—Creighton 41

Michigan Aggies 21—Creighton 25

The ferocious Michigan Aggies were tamed by "Chuck" Kearney's fighting Blue and White quintet Friday to the tune of 41 to 30.

There was a vast difference between the Aggie team which opposed Creighton last night and the team which came here for the memorable games in 1919. From the start of the contest Creighton led the scoring. The Wolverines, however, were continually snapping at the heels of the Creighton players and it was not until the final minutes of play, when Kearney's men commenced a last offensive drive, that the game was safely tucked away.

During the first few minutes of play each team played a careful and well guarded game. After the first three minutes Mahoney caught his long try on the rebound and caged the first score on a neat throw from the side. This started the Creighton scoring, and lovely, Wise and Lynch were

quickly to follow with field goals. Creighton had twelve points before the Aggies succeeded in caging a field goal. With this comfortable lead the Blue and White team was inclined to take the game as a tame affair; so it was not long before the Aggies had brought their total to ten. The half ended with Creighton leading a 16 to 10 count.

In the second half Creighton started an offensive which completely puzzled the Aggie defense. Time and again Wise, Lovely, and Lynch worked the ball through the five man defense with short passes and shot easy goals. Mahoney was a source of worry for the Wolverines for he was dangerous from any place past the center of the floor. His long shots were one of the features of the game.

Lynch and Paynter, handled the guarding of the Aggies in a way which pleased all but the Aggies. Lynch led the offense with four field goals and five free throws out of seven trials. Lovely was next with six field goals while Mahoney accounted for ten points.

Gilkey, Michigan's midget forward was the star of the Aggie team. He was the only man who offered any real opposition to the Creighton lead. He led the individual scoring with sixteen points, registering more points than the rest of his team together.

Creighton					
	G	FT	PF	TF	Pts
Wise (C), lf	3	0	3	0	6
Lovely, rf	6	0	0	0	12
Mahoney, c	5	0	3	1	10
Lynch, lg	4	5	0	0	13
Paynter, rg	0	0	3	0	0
Total	18	5	9	1	41
Michigan Aggies					
	G	FT	PF	TF	Pts
Gilkey, lf	4	8	1	0	16
Heasley (C), rf	1	0	0	2	2
Foster, c	4	0	2	0	8
Swanson, lg	0	9	0	0	0
Matson, rg	1	0	2	0	2
Brown, lg	1	0	1	0	2
Pacynski, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Total	11	8	6	2	30
Referee—Birch of Earlham.					
Time of Halves— Twenty minutes.					

Coach Kearney's Blue and White fighting cagers administered a second defeat to the much "touted" Michigan Aggie five, Saturday night by defeating them 25 to 21.

Except in the first two minutes of play when the score was four all and toward the last when the Aggies led 19 to 18, Creighton was never behind.

In the first half Creighton clearly outclassed the Farmers, and it looked as though she would emerge victorious by a larger margin than the previous night. There seemed to be no angle too difficult, no place too far for the Blue and White to shoot from. They all sank ringers with unerring accuracy. Captain Wise commenced the scoring when he received the ball on the tipoff and immediately caged the leather on a long shot. Mahoney followed with a neat placement from the

side. Gilkey, the Aggie midget forward who was a telling factor in defeating Creighton in the memorable games two years ago, tied the score on a field goal and two free throws. With the score tied the Blue and White commenced an offensive which simply baffled the visitors. Creighton had the score 16 to 4 at one time, but before the period ended Creighton's defense slackened and the half ended with the Aggies on the short end of a 16 to 10 count.

In the second half the Blue and White were still inclined to take things easy, shooting but one field goal in the first five minutes. During this time the Aggies had succeeded in narrowing the gap between scores to one point, making the score 18 to 17. Here Gilkey placed his team-mates in the lead for the first time during either contest, when he caged a long shot from past the center of the floor. Creighton commenced another offensive drive when Mahoney and Lovely placed field goals and Lynch a free throw. The combination of Lynch to Lovely to Wise were too much for the Farmers to solve. Just as the final whistle blew Lynch sank a foul shot making the score 25 to 21. Lynch with 13 points led the Creighton offensive.

Although Captain Wise does not appear in the scoring column,

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his passing and floor work was one of the features of the game. The team work of Lovely and Lynch was a main factor in the Aggie defeat, while Paynter's good guarding also featured.

Creighton

	G	FT	PF	TF	Pts
Lovely, rf	4	0	1	0	8
Wise (C), lf	0	0	1	0	0
Berry, lf	0	0	2	0	0

Mahoney, c	2	0	1	0	4
Paynter, rg	0	0	1	0	0
Lynch, lg	3	7	0	2	13
Total	9	7	6	2	25

Michigan Aggies

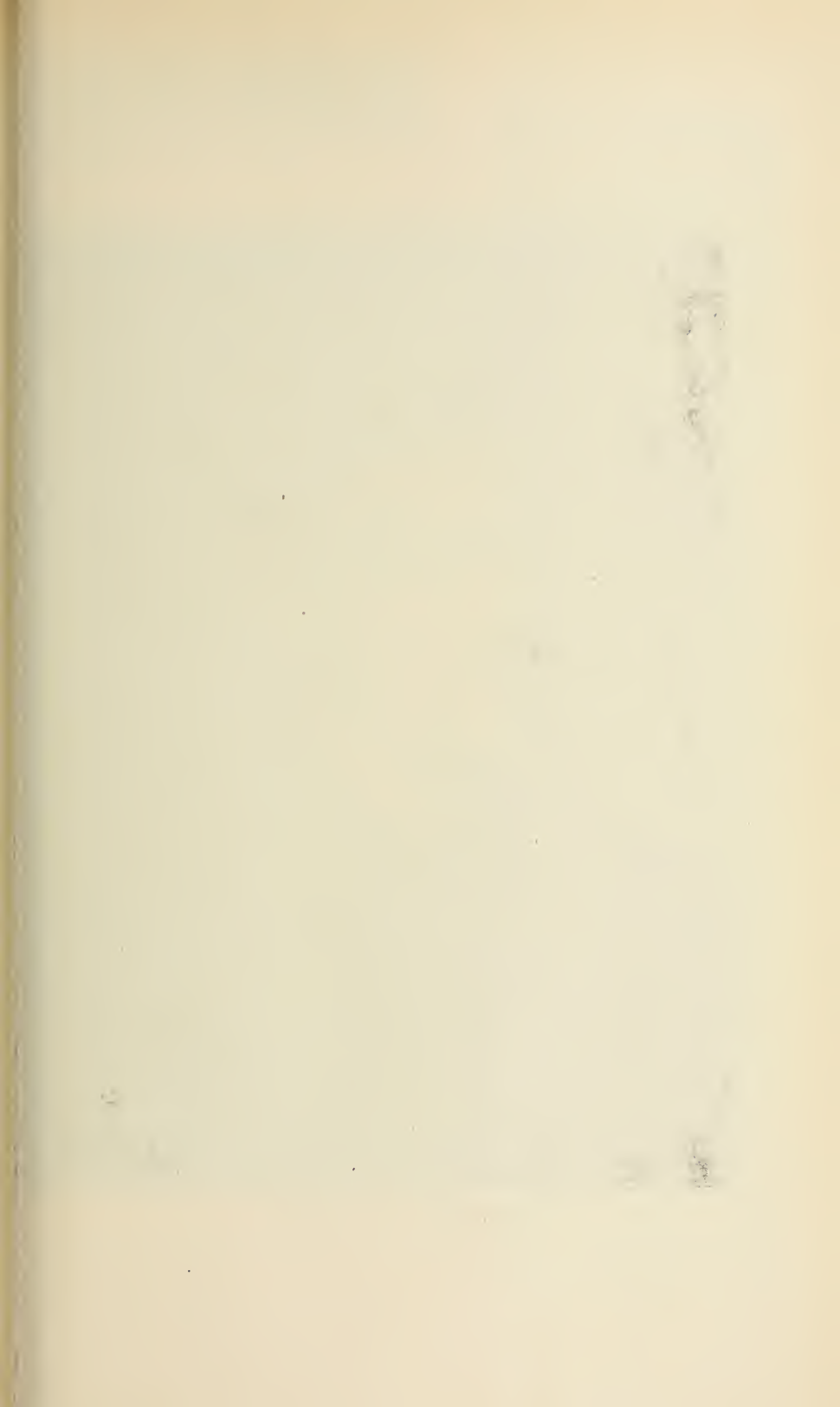
	G	FT	PF	TF	Pts
Heasley (C), rf	2	0	2	2	1
Gilkey, lf	3	5	2	0	11
Foster, c	3	0	1	0	6
Malson, rg	0	0	1	0	0
Fessenden, lg	0	0	1	1	0

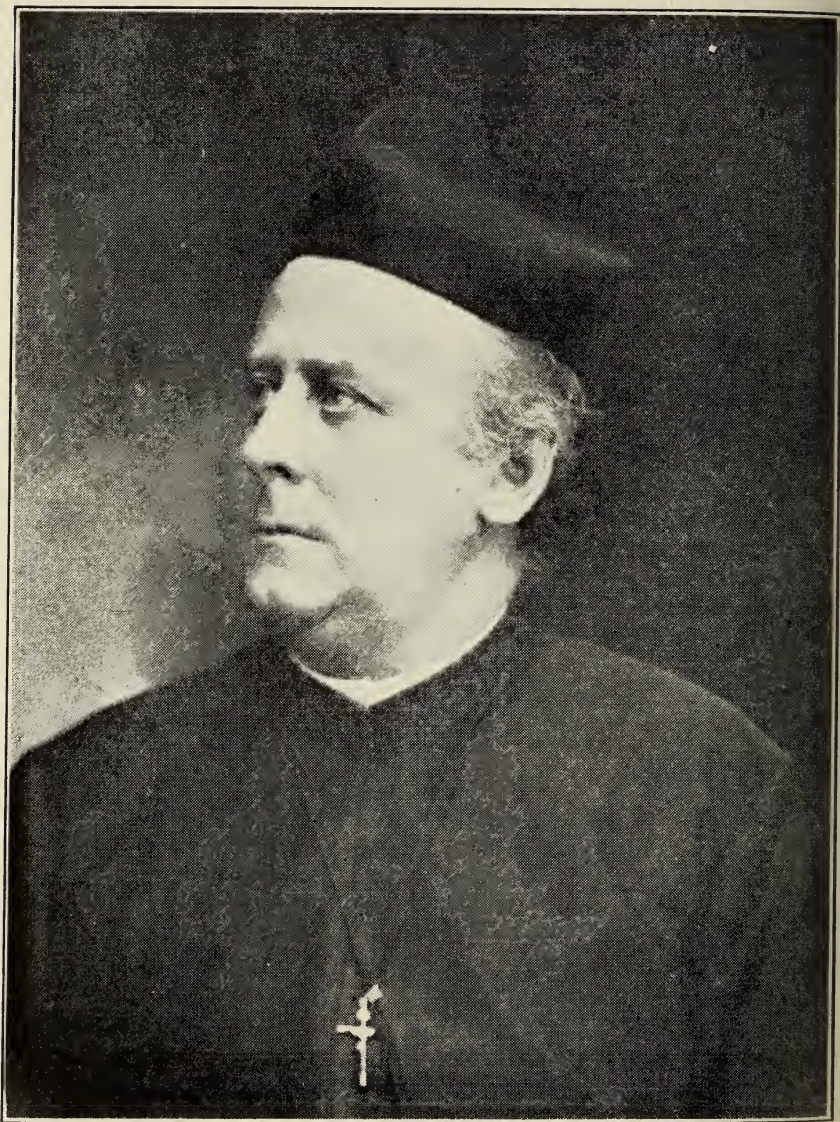
Total	8	5	7	3	21
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Referee—Birch, Earlham.

Time out: Creighton, 1; Michigan, 1.







REV. JOHN B. DE SHRYVER, S. J.